

FULTON COUNTY TRIBUNE

ESTABLISHED IN 1883

KENTON & WEIR - PUBLISHERS

Entered at the Post Office in Wauseon, Ohio, as Second Class Matter

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION

One year, in advance, \$1.50

Six months, in advance, .75

Three months, in advance, .40

Subscribers wishing the paper discontinued, should write us to that effect and pay up all their arrears. If this is not done, it is assumed that the subscriber wishes the paper continued and intends to pay when convenient.

TO CROWN HER LOVE

By EMILY BEE.

They had celebrated together the advent of each New Year since the first year of their acquaintance. That meant five celebrations. And each had ended with a declaration from him which she parried, and a question from him to which she would not give definite answer.

That night they sat in the glittering restaurant, part of the noisy, hilarious crowd, and yet by their sincerity and simplicity differentiated from that crowd.

With the rest of the crowd they ate, drank and laughed.

A bell struck, and at the sound the great noisy throng hushed suddenly, voluntarily, expectantly. A distant door opened and a silken silvery page led in a rosy child, typifying the New Year. A thousand chiming rang out. The diners sprang to their feet, and the scene in the restaurant became pandemonium. She alone was silent, with a fixed smile. As her escort joined those about them in the cry of Happy New Year! she only smiled and smiled. Had she emitted a single sound, it would have been a cry.

The first confusion over, they settled in their chairs again. Her eyes were fixed upon her plate. Before raising them she must be sure that they were veiled. Last year he had asked this moment to speak to her. This year—could she live through this year?

He was relating a story, doubtless amusing. With an effort she gave him attention. Something was wrong. He no longer cared. Could she keep him from knowing that she did, that after all, she did? He would not speak.

Rather abruptly he leaned back, as if he, too, wearied of the face they played. "Aren't you bored with this, Alice? It only lasts—so long. Let's go."

She nodded and rose. He held her hand, and as she slipped into its loose warm folds, his fingers touched her shoulder. She could feel the warm blood rise to that touch, and miserably conscious, she fastened her eyes with a glance in his direction. He picked up her white gloves and handed them to her. She observed, with dull surprise, that his hand was a bit unsteady. In a flash she recollected—she was almost positive of it—that the fingers touching her shoulder had trembled. She looked up at him swiftly, caught him off guard, and read the bitterness in his eyes.

Threading her way before him, through lines of colorful sparkling tables, the distance to the door seemed interminably long. She must verify that glimpse into his soul. If she had seen aright, then he still cared. It was only indifference that proved the death of love.

As the cold air of the street smote them, they breathed deeply of its freshness. "Let's walk," he said.

Again she only nodded. "Now," she thought, "Now, perhaps he will speak." But they walked on in silence, a silence almost unbearable to both of them. It was after they had traveled many blocks, passed out of the district of garish merry-making, were approaching the threshold at which they must part, that she took her fate in her hands.

"Tonight," she said, endeavoring to speak casually, lightly, "I have omitted a part of our ancient and honorable formula."

"Since it is only a formula," he said, "it is better omitted. The times are against formalities."

"But the occasion is not complete without it," she persisted, with a soft laugh, the while her eyes were blank with pain.

"It is not only complete, but finished," he said.

They walked on. She was praying for strength to carry her through the little distance remaining, until—until the end. So he thought she had trifled with him! He would not understand. A wild determination came to her. He should understand! As though they had both been speaking frankly, she said, "I will answer your words of last year, and the year before, and years before. I could not give myself to you while I was a failure. I should have been less worth winning. I have succeeded now. The commission has come to me, to make the mural paintings for the New Center. It will be in the papers tomorrow. You are the only one who knows."

"Then you are worth winning now?" he asked calmly.

"Now," she said to herself, "my heart will surely break."

"It is only when you love that you are worth winning. When you love, and when I love you."

"Now," she said to herself, "my heart is surely broken. It does not matter what I say now." To him she said, in a voice like death, "I understand. It is too late."

"I am bitter against you," he said. "I am sorry. It is hard for a man to forgive the woman who does not want him, the woman who prefers success to love."

"But I am not that woman," she said, throwing what was left of her pride to the four winds.

He asked, scarcely above his breath: "Do you mean—that you care—for love—my love?"

And now she would not answer. They had reached the threshold of their parting. They passed over it and into the dimly lighted, deserted hall.

He gathered her into his arms. "I wanted success," she whispered, "only to crown my love."

Picked up in Colorado. Some years ago in a western mining town a man was found dead in his hotel room, hanged to a bedpost by his suspenders. The jury of miners brought in the following verdict at the coroner's inquest: "Deceased came to his death by coming home full and mistaking himself for his pants."

strong Factor in Life. They will do most in life who are most considerate.—Joseph Parker.

SOPHIE'S GENEROSITY

By EVELYN HOGE.

Sophie sat bolt upright beside her mother and listened with wide round eyes. In the first place there was a strange man in Doctor Stewart's pulpit and he talked in a ringing resonant voice and his words rushed as if he were afraid he would not have time to say all he wanted to say. Doctor Stewart almost drawled and did not lean over the pulpit edge with nervous hands outstretched as did this man. So this man was well worth watching.

The man was telling an absorbing tale of his missionary work in a certain section of the country. When he ended he said simply but forcibly that the people among whom he worked needed anything and everything. "Not only money," he said, "but clothes, all the necessities of life. Think of what I have told you and give freely!"

Sophie hopped alongside her mother when they reached the open air. "What are we going to give?" she inquired breathlessly.

Sophie's mother laughed shortly. "I haven't any idea," she said. "We sent all our old clothes to the mission and I'm short of money. I need a great many things myself and I don't get any money there's that I must give."

Sophie's mind wandered. Tears were vague things that required little girls to stay upstairs.

"That child is possessed," Sophie's mother said later in the day, when for the sixth time Sophie begged to know what they could give the missionary's people. "Goodness me! As if one wasn't driven nearly crazy with hands out on every side! Don't bother me now—oh, we'll send something."

It was the next day that Sophie sat thinking. Mother had said they would send something, but mother was out for the day and nothing had been sent. Sophie ailed down from the couch and wandered about, frowning. Maybe the poor people were freezing to death at that very moment.

She decided that she might as well save her mother the trouble of sending things, inasmuch as her mother's consent had been won. Sophie proceeded to her mother's large closet.

For a moment she stood sniffing delightedly the faint fragrance of violet sachet that emanated from all the



Copyright 1914 The H. Black Co.

"What Are We Going to Give?"

things decorously clothed in overhangers and hanging in a straight row on the brass rod that ran across the little room. Then she set to work.

She rubbed her hands delightedly over the violet velvet dress. That could go—mother had said the last time she wore it that she just hated it because Celeste had botched it. The poor fellow would be glad of it even if it was botched. They could wear it to market or something.

And that pink chiffon evening dress—hadn't mother remarked that she simply never would wear the thing again after what Mrs. Smith said about a woman of her age appearing in girlish colors?

There was the blue serge, too—certainly mother could give that when she had three other cloth dresses.

And here were five coats—well, this looked most like being given away, no brown, silky one, with the nice fur collar and fur cuffs. It was remarkable how easily everything compressed into a suitcase. There would be plenty of room for some things of father's for some poor, freezing man.

After searching through the garments in father's closet and anxiously studying them Sophie decided on a suit father didn't seem to care about. At any rate, he never wore it.

Sophie carefully folded up the long tailed coat and the rest of the things and added them to the suitcase. She took a handful of socks for good measure. It happened that her hands landed in the end of the drawer devoted to her parent's silken footwear. Then with a relieved sigh she snapped shut the suitcase and slipped out.

"From mother," Sophie told the woman at the church who were receiving things for the missionary box. She beamed angelically.

"What a good little girl to carry this all the way!" said one of the women.

That evening Sophie's mother had an excited conversation over the telephone. Then she said to Sophie's father: "It's only because the suitcase had my name on it that they knew whom to call up. Your dress suit—and my new tannin trimmed coat—and my best gowns—why, it's perfectly dreadful!"

Sophie's father chuckled. He meditated on the dress suit. "It almost wish," he said, dawningly, "that there hadn't been any name on the suitcase. Sophie's heart is in the right place, anyway."—Chicago Daily News.

Kept Scholars at Work. In Scotland up to the middle of the eighteenth century, the school holidays were from 8 a. m. till 8 p. m. with two breaks of an hour earlier and worked so long as daylight lasted.

No alteration in the hours was made on Saturday, and even on Sunday a certain amount of school work was done. The holidays were restricted to a day at Candemas and at Whitson, and a fortnight in the autumn.

Tact is not a gift, but an acquisition, and yet there is something fundamental about it. It is like a singer. Some have voices easily trained, others voices difficult to subdue, some such as are hopelessly rebellious.

Immense Output of Linen. The 12,000,000 pounds worth of linen which is the average yearly output of the United Kingdom would wrap the earth at the equator seven times.

THIS IS GREAT GROWING WEATHER!

Not only do the crops grow this fine weather—but we as individuals are reaching out for the new things for home comfort or personal service—that is growing too. The weather makes us want these new things. Our merchandise service is growing too—we offer better assortments for your approval every season. Grow with us.

Why a Clearance Sale

To assure ourselves that we will have no left overs; we want to furnish you with fresh—new merchandise.

Our reductions this season have been very radical—owing to the fact that the prevailing numbers left are the higher priced ones. This works to your advantage—your saving is greater.

Ladies Suits formerly selling up to \$20 now priced at \$10.00

Ladies suits selling formerly up to \$35 now priced at \$15.00

Ladies Coats priced up to \$15 now selling at \$10.00

Ladies Coats priced up to \$25 now selling at \$12.50



Copyright 1914 The H. Black Co.

Adorn Your Library

Or living room with a new combination book case and writing desk. Every home needs a place for writing material and for their books.

We show here a combination book case and writing desk in genuine quartered oak—with adjustable shelves for books—a nice folding writing board and accessory drawers—now selling at \$16.50



The New Sulkey Go-Gart

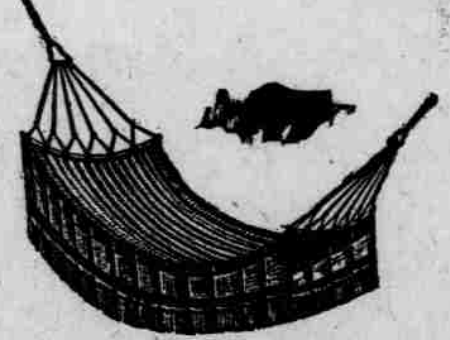


motion—10 inch wheel
Collapsible with one with rubber tires, mud guards—all steel construction. Rigid back, spring seat, folding reverseable hood.

Now \$4.50

Also a selection of sulkey go carts for service that are not quite so fancy—to suit your notions. See them here.

Now for the Outdoor Life



A few days like this remind us of our outdoor life—and we begin to brush up the old porch furniture and get out the swings. This season we are making a specialty of these summer conveniences and have a wonderfully complete display of them in our variety section. Come in and see them.

Three porch set:

One 4 foot oak settee.

One Oak chair.

One Oak Rocker.

The three pieces at \$5.96

98 cents

A 4 ft. lawn swing—for four passengers—nicely finished—can be set up in a few minutes at \$5.50

A 4 passenger lawn swing—child's size—at \$3.75

The Hammock Couch—with iron frame—good steel springs—good quality duck covering—a special at \$4.98

Other Hammock Couches that sell up to \$10

Porch Swings—with chain and hooks—ready to hang—a special at \$2.25

Others ranging in price from \$3.00 to \$4.50

Hammocks—a great assortment of hammocks—with single and double spreaders—a good selection of colors—selling from \$1.50 up to \$5.00

GOING TO PAINT?



There's no doubt about LOWE BROTHERS "High Standard" Paint

You know when the painter puts it on that it will give best results, because when properly put on a surface fit to receive it, it has never failed in all the quarter century of its history.

Satisfaction is what you want, and you cannot get it if you are in doubt. Let us supply colors and show how to be certain.

Special on Baked Goods

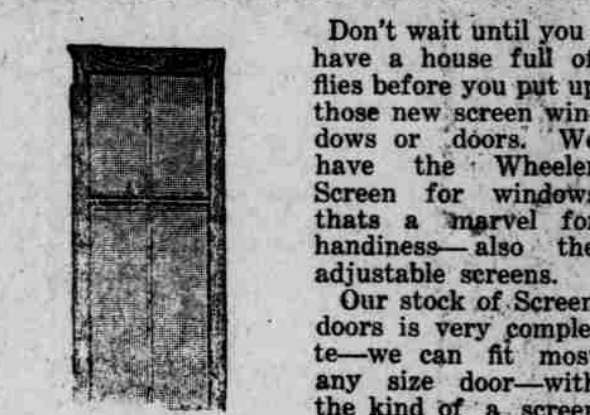
Tulip—a nice fresh vanilla flavor cake—with creamy marshmallow in the form of a sandwich—the lb. 10 cents.

Sponge Cookies—fresh baked—the lb. 10 cents

Old fashioned Sugar Cookies—the lb 10c

Lady fingers—fresh baked—quality fine—lb. 40c

Screen Out the Flies Now



Buy your black or galvanized screen here for recovering—do it now—you'll have to buy less fly swatters.

A Healthful Playroom for the Children

Here in the shaded seclusion of your own porch, the children may enjoy the pure, fresh air without the discomfort of the wind and sun.

The Aerolux shades are so made that they do not flap in the wind, they are not affected by ordinary weather conditions of summer. Made in regular widths from four to ten feet.

See our display in the window this week and let our furniture man tell you about them.

Selling at \$7.00 and up

Brigham Guilford & Co. DEPARTMENT STORE

Closed Memorial Day From 1 to 3 P.M.

CORRESPONDENCE

TAYLOR.

Mrs. Rose Struble is spending a few days in Bowling Green attending the graduation of her niece.

Isaiah Fredrick and wife of Wauseon are looking after her work while she is gone.

Mrs. Andrews is spending the week with her sister in Wauseon.

Harvey Hitt's entertained J. Shindar and wife as over Sunday guests last week.

BRAILEY.

Mrs. Geo. Leininger and Mrs. Frank Mathews were in Toledo Friday visiting at the home of Rudolf Leininger, who has been very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hayes and children of Delta spent Sunday with his parents, Geo. Hayes Sr.

Commencing the first week in June C. E. Bralley and C. M. Stine will close their stores on Thursday night of each week at six o'clock. On all other nights the stores will be open as usual.

Mrs. Will Milroy and son James are visiting her parents at Findlay.

Mrs. E. B. Milroy visited her friends at Whitehouse Sunday and Monday.

Mrs. O. M. Bralley of Swanton, Harold and Arnold McIntire are now driving a new Ford auto.

OTTOKEE.

Frank McArthur and family accompanied by Elmer McArthur and family of near Winamag autoed to Archbold and Napoleon Sunday and called on friends.

Elmer Lammon's horse got frightened at some unknown object last Friday and ran away, throwing Mrs. John Lammon and Mrs. Elmer Lammon and two children out hurting all of them more or less. They were lucky to get out alive.

A number of young people spent Saturday evening at the home of Jerry Jones, where they engaged in games and a delicious luncheon. The occasion was Miss Herma's 18th birthday.

Harold, Edna and Ruby Guilford also, Roscoe Marks of Wauseon spent Sunday at Will Markley's.

John Lucas of Stryker is spending a few days with relatives here.

J. L. Verity was seen on our street running an auto Sunday.

DOVER.

Mrs. Florence Borton and son, Robert were in Wauseon Monday.

Samuel Geagrig and daughter Pauline spent Tuesday with Charley Bigbee and family.

Bert Borton of Elmira spent Sunday with his brother, Levi Borton.

APPEL GROVE.

Paul Mohr and wife and son and hired man Mr. Alford Klind was to Napoleon to see the water down the lake in the Maumee River.

a colt 1 S & 1 E of Pettisville the night of the heavy electric storm.

The Young boy was lying near the chimney when the thunder was roaring and thinks it might strike the chimney and away he went and son it ript down the chimney he saved his life by moving.

the longer it rained the sicker was the oats and the better the pasture and he fields and wheat auto some of them Poor boys never had a Auto ride it makes a lot of them think to save the niggers to buy a Auto they like it so well.

George Weber has a new dry gas well and plenty of it.

Sam Beck has a new Reo Automobile bought of D. Senclar of Ridgeville.

Rev Dan Wyse wife died and was buried last Sunday in the Egley cemetery.

Mr John Van peld has bought a Buic Automobile.

John Weber is giving the Pettisville a surprise by his new auto some of them Poor boys never had a Auto ride it makes a lot of them think to save the niggers to buy a Auto they like it so well.

their was 50 Autos at the A. W. senter church last Sunday at the Mrs. Dan Wyse funeral a crowd of people that was a surprise like a county fair.

Mr Warner has a fine new Overland Auto he can run it in a few hours practice.

their will be a race at the Napoleon fair ground next Saturday pacin running and Trotting.

J E Leatherman is call on to be present at the Napoleon fair ground on Saturday at Napoleon with his pacing horse

CLOVER LEAF Mrs. Chas. Diabrow spent Friday at Clark Amunds.

Mrs. Scott Murray spent Thursday at C. F. Bratton's.

L. J. Wilcox lost a horse last week. Little Miss Gladys Bratton has returned home after a week's visit with relatives at Utah.

Mae Hines is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Ray McQuillin. Mrs. Griffin had the L. A. S. at her home Thursday.

Mrs. C. Thompson and son are spending a few days with her parents and attending commencement at Ridgeville.

Mable Hines spent Tuesday at Lloyd Hines.

Miss Peters was a week end guest of Stella Agsten.

Mable Hines spent the last of the week with Miss Parent.

Lloyd Hines and family spent Sunday with Frank Fenton's.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Dennis spent Sunday in Delta.

Chas. Reynolds called at C. Ohlingers Sunday.

Mrs. Wells attended the memorial services in Delta Sunday.

If You Want to Enjoy Yourself

this summer get an Overland car. Let me demonstrate how comfortably you ride in this car.

ROBT. GOTSCHALK, Agt.

HURRY UP

Get one of those

Garland Gas Ranges

It's getting hot. Leave your order right away. Our man will be on the job to install immediately. Do not put it off.

Napoleon-Wauseon Gas Co.

Have Learned Nothing of Dreams. Dr. W. E. Scripture of New York says that ambidextrous persons never dream, while right-handed persons dream with the right hemisphere of the brain, because they use the left brain lobe for conscious thinking. Comparatively speaking, he said, modern scientists know as little about dreams as man did when the first sleeper had his first dream.

Wherein He Was Wrong. "Gaddeally might have been a success in life but for one thing." "And what is that?" "A mistaken impression; he has held for many years that his presence adds dignity to a street corner."—Birmingham Herald.

San Jak is the up-to-date cure for rheumatism, stiff joints and muscles. Get it at Fink & Isaacsners. 1-52

Indigestion? Can't Eat? No Appetite? A treatment of Electric Bitters increases your appetite; stops indigestion; you can eat everything. A real spring tonic for liver, kidney and stomach troubles. Cleanses your whole system and you feel fine. Electric Bitters did more for Mr. T. D. Peeble's stomach troubles than any medicine he ever tried. Get a bottle today 50c and \$1.00 at your Druggist.

Hanford's Balsam prevents gangrene by keeping the soreness clean and healing it.

Galls cured by Hanford's Balsam without stopping work.